THE SCOVRGE OF *Villanie.*

Three Bookes of Satyres.

(***)

PERSEVS.

v v v Nec ſcompros metuentia carmina, nec thus.

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To *Detraction* I preſent my *Poeſie*.

FOule canker of faire vertuous action,
Vile blaſter of the freſheſt bloomes on earth,
Enuies abhorred childe, *Detraction*,
I heare expoſe, to thy all-taynting breath
The iſſue of my braine, ſnarle, raile, barke, bite,
Know that my ſpirit ſcornes *Detractions* ſpight.

Know that the *Genius*, which attendeth on,
And guides my powers intellectuall,
Holds in all vile repute *Detraction*.
My ſoule an eſſence metaphiſicall,
That in the baſeſt ſort ſcornes *Critickes* rage,
Becauſe he knowes his ſacred parentage.

To *Detraction.*

My ſpirit is not huſt vp with fatte fume
Of ſlimie Ale, nor *Bacchus* heating grape.
My minde diſdaines the dungie muddy ſcum
Of abiect thoughts, and *Enuies* raging hate.
True iudgement, ſlight regards *Opinion*,
A ſprighly wit, diſdaines *Detraction*.

A partiall praiſe ſhall neuer eleuate
My ſetled cenſure, of mine owne eſteeme.
A cankered verdit of malignant Hate
Shall nere prouoke me, worſe my ſelfe to deeme.
Spight of deſpight, and rancors villanie,
I am my ſelfe, ſo is my poeſie.

In Lectores prorſus indignos.

FY Satyre fie, ſhall each mechanick ſlaue,
Each dunghill peſant, free peruſall haue
Of thy well labor'd lines? Shal each ſattin ſute,
Each quaint faſhiō-monger, whoſe ſole repute
Reſts in his trim gay clothes, lye ſlauering
Taynting thy lines with his lewd cenſuring?
Shall each odd puiſne of the Lawyers Inne,
Each barmy-froth, that laſt day did beginne
To reade his little, or his *nere a whit*,
Or ſhall ſome greater auncient, of leſſe wit,
(That neuer turnd but browne Tobacco leaues
Whoſe ſences ſome damn'd *Occupant* bereaues.
Lye gnawing on thy vacant times expence?
Tearing thy rimes, quite altering the ſence?
Or ſhall perfum'd *Caſtilio* cenſure thee?
Shall he oreview thy ſharpe-fang'd poeſie?
(Who nere read farther then his Miſtris lips,
Nere practiz'd ought, but ſom ſpruce capring skips

In Lectores prorſus indignos.

Nere in his life did other language vſe,
But, *Sweete Lady, faire Miſtres, kind hart, deare couſe,*
Shall this *Fantaſma*, this *Coloſſe* peruſe
And blaſt with ſtinking breath, thy budding Muſe?
Fye, wilt thou make thy wit a Curtezan
For euery broking hand-crafts artizan?
Shall brainles Cyterne heads, each iubernole,
Poket the very *Genius* of thy ſoule?
I *Phylo*, I, I'le keepe an open hall,
A common, and a ſumptuous feſtiuall,
Welcome all eyes, all eares, all tongues to me,
Gnaw peſants on my ſcraps of poeſie.
Caſtilios, Cyprians, court-boyes, ſpaniſh blocks,
Ribanded eares, granado-netherſtocks,
Fidles, Scriueners, pedlers, tynkering knaues,
Baſe blew-coats, tapſters, brod-cloth minded ſlaues,
Welcome I-fayth, but may you nere depart,
Till I haue made your gauled hides to ſmart.

Your

In Lectores prorſus indignos.

Your gauled hides? avaunt baſe muddy ſcum.
Thinke you a Satyres dreadfull ſounding drum
Will brace it ſelfe? and daine to terrefie,
Such abiect peſants baſeſt rogary?
No, no, paſſe on ye vaine fantaſticke troupe
Of puffie youthes; Know I doe ſcorne to ſtoupe
To rip your liues. Then hence lewd nags, away,
Goe read each poſt, view what is plaid to day.
Then to *Priapus* gardens. You *Caſtilio*,
I pray thee let my lines in freedome goe,
Let me alone, the Madams call for thee
Longing to laugh at thy wits pouertie.
Sirra, liuorie cloake, you lazie ſlipper ſlaue,
Thou fawning drudge, what would'ſt thou Satyres haue?
Baſe mind away, thy maſter calls, begon,
Sweet *Gnato* let my poeſie alone.
Goe buy ſome ballad of the Faiery King,
And of the begger wench, ſome rogie thing

In Lectores prorſus indignos.

Which thou maiſt chaunt vnto the chamber-maid
To ſome vile tune, when that thy Maiſter's laid.
But will you needs ſtay? am I forc'd to beare,
The blaſting breath of each lewd Cenſurer?
Muſt naught but clothes, and images of men
But ſprightles truncks, be Iudges of thy pen?
Nay then come all, I proſtitute my Muſe,
For all the ſwarme of Idiots to abuſe.
Reade all, view all, euen with my full conſent,
So you will know that which I neuer meant;
So you will nere conceiue, and yet diſpraiſe,
That which you nere conceiu'd, & laughter raiſe:
Where I but ſtriue in honeſt ſeriouſnes,
To ſcourge ſome ſoule-poluting beaſtlines.
So you will raile, and finde huge errors lurke
In euery corner of my Cynick worke.
Proface, reade on, for your extreamſt diſlikes
Will add a pineon, to my praiſes flights.

In Lectores prorſus indignos.

O, how I briſtle vp my plumes of pride,
O, how I thinke my Satyres dignifi'd,
When I once heare ſome quaint *Caſtilio*,
Some ſupple mouth'd ſlaue ſome lewd *Tubrio*,
Some ſpruce pedant, or ſome ſpan-new come fry
Of Innes a-court, ſtriuing to vilefie
My darke reproofes. Then doe but raile at me,
No greater honor craues my poeſie.

1. But yee diuiner wits, celeſtiall ſoules,
Whoſe free-borne mindes no kennel thought (contoules,
Ye ſacred ſpirits, *Mayas* eldeſt ſonnes.

2. Yee ſubſtance of the ſhadowes of our age,
In whom all graces linke in marriage,
To you how cheerfully my poeme runnes.

In Lectores prorſus indignos.

3. True iudging eyes, quick ſighted cenſurers,
Heauens beſt beauties, wiſedoms treaſurers,
O how my loue embraceth your great worth.

4. Yee Idols of my ſoule, yee bleſſed ſpirits,
How ſhold I giue true honor to your merrits,
Which I can better thinke, then here paint forth.

You ſacred ſpirits, *Maias* eldeſt ſonnes,
To you how cheerfully my poeme runnes.
O how my loue, embraceth your great worth,
Which I can better think, then here paint forth.

O rare!

¶ To

To thoſe that ſeeme iudiciall peruſers.

KNow I hate to affect too much obſcuritie, & harſhnes, becauſe they profit no ſence. To note vices, ſo that no man can vnderſtand them, is as fonde, as the French execution in picture. Yet there are ſome, (too many) that think nothing good, that is ſo curteous, as to come within their reach. Tearming all Satyres (baſtard) which are not palpable darke, and ſo rough writ, that the hearing of them read, would ſet a man teeth on edge. For whoſe vnſeaſond pallate I wrote the firſt Satyre in ſome places too obſcure, in all places miſliking me. Yet when by ſome ſcuruie chaunce it ſhal come into the late perfumed fiſt of iudiciall *Torquatus*, (that like ſome rotten ſtick in a troubled water, hath gotte a great deale of barmy froth to ſtick to his ſides) I know he will vouchſafe it, ſome of his new-minted Epithets, (as *Reall, Intrinſecate, Delphicke,*) when in my conſcience hee vnderſtands not the leaſt part of it. But from thence proceedes his iudgement. *Perſeus* is crabby, becauſe antient, & his ierkes, (being perticulerly giué to priuate

To the iudiciall peruſer.

priuate cuſtomes of his time) duskie. *Iuuenall* (vpon the like occaſion) ſeemes to our iudgement, gloomie. Yet both of them goe a good ſeemely pace, not ſtumbling, ſhuffling. *Chaucer* is harde euen to our vnderſtandings: who knowes not the reaſon? howve much more thoſe old Satyres which expreſſe themſelues in termes, that breathed not long euen in their daies. But had we then liued, the vnderſtanding of them had been nothing hard. I will not deny there is a ſeemely decorum to be obſerued, and a peculiar kinde of ſpeech for a Satyres lips, which I can willinglier conceiue, then dare to preſcribe; yet let me haue the ſubſtance rough, not the ſhadow. I cannot, nay I will not delude your ſight with miſts; yet I dare defend my plainnes gainſt the veriuyce face, of the crabbed'ſt Satyriſt that euer ſtuttered. Hee that thinks worſe of my rimes then my ſelfe, I ſcorne him, for he cannot, he that thinks better, is a foole. So fauour mee *Good-Opinion*, as I am farre from beeing a *Suffenus*. If thou peruſeſt mee vvith an vnpartiall eye, reade on, if otherwiſe, knowe I neyther value thee, nor thy cenſure. *VV. Kinſayder.*

PROEMIVM IN
librum primum.

I Beare the ſcourge of iuſt *Rhammuſia*,
Laſhing the lewdnes of *Britania*.
Let others ſing as their good *Genius* moues,
Of deepe deſines, or els of clipping loues.
Faire fall them all, that with wits induſtry,
Doe cloath good ſubiects in true poeſie.
But as for me, my vexed thoughtfull ſoule,
Takes pleaſure, in diſpleaſing ſharp controule.
Thou nurſing Mother of faire wiſedoms lore,
Ingenuous *Melancholy*, I implore
Thy graue aſſiſtance, take thy gloomie ſeate,
Inthrone thee in my blood; Let me intreate

Stay

Proemium in librum primum.

Stay his quicke iocond skips, and force him runne
A ſadde pac'd courſe, vntill my whips be done.
Daphne, vnclip thine armes from my ſad brow,
Blacke Cypreſſe crowne me whilſt I vp do plow
The hidden entrailes of ranke villanie.
Tearing the vaile from damn'd Impietie.
Quake guzzell dogs, that liue on putred ſlime,
Skud from the laſhes of my yerking rime.

SATYRE. I.

Fronti nulla fides.

MArry God forfend, *Martius* ſwears he'le ſtab,
Phrigeo, feare not, thou art no lying drab.
What though dagger hack'd mouthes of his blade
It ſlew as many as figures of yeares (ſweares
Aqua fortis eate in't, or as many more,
As methodiſt *Muſus*, kild with Hellebore
In autumne laſt, yet he beares the male lye
With as ſmooth calme, as *Mecho* riualrie.
How ill his ſhape, with inward forme doth fage,
Like *Aphrogenias* ill-yok'd marriage.
Fond Phyſiognomer, complexion
Guides not the inward diſpoſition,
Inclines I yeeld. Thou ſaiſt Law *Iulia*,
Or *Catoes* often curſt *Scatinia*
Can take no hold on ſimpring *Leſbia*,
True, not on her eye, yet Allom oft doth blaſt,
The ſprouting bud that faine would longer laſt.

Chary

Fronti nulla fides.

Chary *Caſca*, right pure or *Rhodanus*,
Yet each night drinkes in glaſsie Priapus.
Yon Pine is fayre, yet fouly doth it ill
To his owne ſprouts, marke, his rank drops diſtill
Foule Naples canker in their tender rinde;
Woe worth when trees drop in their proper kinde!
Myſtagogus, what meanes this prodegie?
When *Hiadolgo* ſpeakes gainſt vſurie.
When *Verres* railes gainſt thieues. *Mylo* doth hate
Murder, *Clodius* coockolds, *Marius* the gate
Of ſquinting *Ianus* ſhuts? runne beyond bound
Of *Nil vltra*, and hang me when on's found
Will be himſelfe. Had Nature turn'd our eyes
Into our proper ſelues, theſe now right curious ſpies
Would be aſham'd, *Flauia* would bluſh to flout
When *Oppia* calls *Lucina* helpe her out.
If ſhe did thinke, *Lynceus* did know her ill,
How Nature, Art, how Art, doth Nature ſpill.

God

Fronti nulla fides.

God pardon me, I often did auer
Quod gratis, grate, the Aſtronomer
An honeſt man, but I'le doe ſo no more,
His face deceau'd me; but now ſince his whore
And ſiſter are all one, his honeſtie
Shall be as bare as his Anatomie,
To which hee bound his vvife, ô packſtaffe rimes!
Why not, when court of ſtarrs ſhall ſee theſe crimes?
Rodds are in piſſe, I for thee *Empericke*,
That twenty graines of *Oppium* wilt not ſticke
To miniſter to babes. Here's bloody dayes,
When with plaine hearbes, *Mutius* more men ſlaies
Then ere third *Edwards* ſword. Sooth in our age,
Frantique *Coribantes* neede not enrage
The peoples mindes. You *Ophiogine*
Of *Helleſpont*, with wrangling villanie
The ſwolne world's inly ſtung, then daine a touch,
If that your fingers can effect ſo much.

Thou

Fronti nulla fides.

Thou ſweet Arabian *Panchaia*,
Perfume this naſtie age, ſmugge *Leſbia*
Hath ſtinking lunges, although a ſimpring grace,
A muddy inſide, though a ſurphul'd face.
O for ſome deepe-ſearching *Corycean*,
To ferret out yon lewd *Cynedian*.
How now *Brutus*, what ſhape beſt pleaſeth thee?
All *Protean* formes, thy wife in venery
At thy inforcemant takes; vvell goe thy way,
Shee may transforme thee ere thy dying day.
Huſh, *Gracchus* heares, that hath retaild more lyes,
Broch'd more ſlaunders, done more villanies,
Then *Fabius* perpetuall golden coate
(Which might haue *Semptr idem* for a mott)
Hath beene at feaſts, and led the meaſuring
At Court, and in each marriage reueling.
Writ *Palephatus*, comment on thoſe dreames,
That *Hylus* takes, mid'ſt dung-pit reeking ſteames

Of

Fronti nulla fides.

Of *Athos* hote houſe. Gramercie modeſt ſmyle.
Chremes a ſleepe. *Paphia*, ſport the while.
Lucilla, new ſet thy ruffe, tut thou art pure,
Canſt thou not liſpe, *(good brather)* looke demure?
Fye *Gallus*, vvhat, a skeptick *Pyrrhomiſt?*
VVhen chaſt *Dictinna*, breakes the Zonelike twiſt?
Tut, hang vp *Hieroglyphickes*. Ile not faine
Wreſting my humor, from his natiue ſtraine.

SA-

SATYRE. II.

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

v v v -- Iuve.

I Cannot hold, I cannot I indure
To view a big womb'd foggie clowde immure
The radiant treſſes of the quickning ſunne.
Let Cuſtards quake, my rage muſt freely runne.
Preach not the Stoickes patience to me,
I hate no man, but mens impietie.
My ſoule is vext, what power will'th deſiſt?
Or dares to ſtop a ſharpe fangd Satyriſt?
Who'le coole my rage? vvho'le ſtay my itching fiſt
But I will plague and torture whom I liſt?
If that the three-fold walls of Babilon
Should hedge my tongue, yet I ſhould raile vpon
This fuſtie world, that now dare put in vre
To make *IEHOVA* but a couerture,

To

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

To ſhade ranck filth, looſe conſcience is free,
From all conſcience, what els hath libertie?
As't pleaſe the Thracian Boreas to blow,
So turnes our ayerie conſcience, to, and fro.
VVhat icye *Saturniſt*, vvhat northerne pate
But ſuch groſſe lewdnes would exaſperate?
I thinke the blind doth ſee, the flame God riſe
From Siſters couch, each morning to the skies:
Glowing with luſt. VValke but in duskie night,
With *Linceus* eyes, and to thy piercing ſight
Diſguiſed Gods will ſhow, in peſants ſhape,
Preſt to commit ſome execrable rape.
Here *Ioues* luſt pander, *Maias* iugling ſonne,
In clownes diſguiſe, doth after milk-maides runne.
And fore he'le looſe his brutiſh lechery,
The truls ſhall taſt ſweet Nectars ſurquedry.
There *Iunos* brat, forſakes *Neries* bed,
And like a ſwaggerer, luſt fiered,

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

Attended onely with his ſmock ſworne page,
Pert *Gallus*, ſlilie ſlippes along, to wage
Tilting incounters, with ſome ſpurious ſeede
Of marrow pies, and yawning Oyſtars breede.
O damn'd!

Who would not ſhake a Satyres knottie rod?
When to defile the ſacred ſeate of God
Is but accounted gentlemens diſport?
To ſnort in filth, each hower to reſort
To brothell pits: alas a veniall crime,
Nay, royall, to be laſt in *thirtith* ſlime.
Ay me, hard world for Satyriſts beginne
To ſette vp ſhop, when no ſmall petty ſinne
Is left vnpurg'd, oncē to be purſie fat
Had wont be cauſe that life did macerate.
Marry the iealous Queene of ayre doth frowne,
That Ganimede is vp, and Hebe downe.

Once

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

Once *Albion* liu'd in ſuch a cruell age
That men did hold by ſeruile villenage. (borne,
Poore brats were ſlaues, of bond-men that were
And marted, ſold, but that rude law is torne,
And diſanuld, as too too inhumane,
That Lords ore peſants ſhould ſuch ſeruice ſtraine.
But now, (ſad change!) the kennell ſinck of ſlaues,
Peſant great bloods, and ſeruile ſeruice craues.
Bondſlaues ſonnes had wont be bought & ſold,
But now *Heroes* heires (if they haue not told
A diſcreet number, fore theyr dad did die)
Are made much of, how much from merchandie?
Tail'd, and retail'd, till to the pedlers packe,
The fourth-hand ward-ware comes, alack, alack,
Would truth did know I lyde, but truth, and I
Doe know that fence is borne to miſerie.
Oh would to God, this were their worſt miſchance,
Were not theyr ſoules ſold to darke ignorance.

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

Faire goodnes is foule ill, if miſchiefes wit
Be not repreſt from lewd corrupting it.

O what dry braine melts not ſharp muſtard rime
To purge the ſnottery of our ſlimie time?
Hence idle *Cave*, vengeance pricks me on,
When mart is made of faire Religion,
Reform'd bald *Trebus* ſwore in Romiſh quiere
He ſold Gods eſſence, for a poore denier.
The Egyptians adored Onions,
To Garlicke yeelding all deuotions.
O happy Garlick, but thrice happy you,
Whoſe ſenting gods, in your large gardens grew.
Democritus, riſe from thy putrid ſlime
Sport at the madnes of that hotter clime.
Deride their frenzie, that for policie
Adore Wheate dough, as reall deitie.
Almighty men, that can their Maker make,
And force his ſacred body to forſake

The

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

The Cherubines, to be gnawne actually,
Deuiding *indiuiduum*, really.
Making a ſcore of Gods with one poore word,
I, ſo I thought, in that you could afford,
So cheape a penny-worth. O ample fielde,
In which a Satyre may iuſt vveapon weelde.
But I am vext, when ſwarmes of *Iulians*
Are ſtill manur'd by lewd Preciſians.
Who ſcorning Church rites, take the ſimbole vp
As ſlouenly, as careleſſe Courtiers ſlup
Their mutton gruell. Fie, who can with-hold,
But muſt of force make his milde Muſe a ſcold?
When that he greeued ſees, with red vext eyes,
That Athens antient large immunities,
Are eye ſores to the fates; Poore cells forlorne!
Iſt not enough you are made an abiect ſcorne
To iering Apes, but muſt the ſhadow too
Of auncient ſubſtance, be thus wrung from you?

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

O ſplit my hart, leaſt it doe breake with rage
To ſee th'immodeſt looſenes of our age.
Immodeſt looſenes? fie too gentle word,
When euery ſigne can brothelrie afford.
Wher luſt doth ſparkle from our females eyes
And modeſtie, is rouſted in the skies.
Tell me *Galliott.e*, what meanes this ſigne
When impropriat gentiles will turne *Capuchine?*
Sooner be damn'd. O ſtuffe Satyricall?
Whē rapine feedes our pomp, pomp ripes our fall.
When the gueſt trembles at his hoſts ſwart looke,
The ſonne, doth feare his ſtepdame, that hath tooke
His mothers place for luſt, the twin-borne brother
Malinges his mate, that firſt came from his mother.
When to be huge, is to be deadly ſick,
When vertuous peſants, will not ſpare to lick
The deuils taile for poore promotion.
When for neglect, ſlubbred *Deuotion*

Is

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

Is wan with greefe. When *Rufus*, yawnes for death
Of him that gaue him vndeſerued breath.
When *Hermus* makes a worthy queſtion,
Whether of *Wright*, as *Paraphonalion*
A ſiluer piſpot fits his Lady dame?
Or i'ſt too good? a pewter beſt became.
When *Agrippina* poyſons *Claudius* ſonne,
That all the world to her own brat might run. (die,
When the husband, gapes that his ſtale wife would
That he might once be in by *curteſie*. (death,
The big paunch'd wife, longs for her loth'd mates
That ſhe might haue more ioyntures here on earth.
VVhen tenure for ſhort yeeres, (by many a one)
Is thought right good be turn'd forth *Littleton*,
All to be *headdie*, or *free hold* at leaſt
VVhen tis all one, for long life be a beaſt,
A ſlaue, as haue a ſhort term'd tenancie
When dead's the ſtrength of Englands yeomanrie,

When

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

VVhen invndatiou of luxuriouſnes,
Fatts all the world with ſuch groſſe beaſtlines.
Who can abſtaine? what modeſt braine can hold,
But he muſt make his ſhamefac'd Muſe a ſcold?

SATYRE. III.

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

IT's good be warie whilst the sunne shines cleere
(Quoth that old chuffe that may dispend by yere
Three thousand pound) whilst hee of good pre-
Cõmits himselfe to Fleet to saue expence. (tence
No Countries Christmas: rather tarry heere,
The Fleet is cheap, the Country hall too deere.
But *Codrus*, harke, the world expects to see
Thy bastard heire rotte there in misery.
What? vvill *Luxurio* keepe so great a hall
That he will proue a bastard in his fall?
No, *come on siue, S. George, by heauen at all,*
Makes his catastrophe, right tragicall;
At all, till nothing's left, *Come on*, till all comes off,
I haire and all, *Luxurio*, left a scoffe
To leaprous filthes: ô stay, thou impious slaue,
Teare not the lead from off thy Fathers graue,

To

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

To stop base brokage, sell not thy fathers sheete,
His leaden sheete, that strangers eyes may greete
Both putrefaction of thy greedie Sire,
And thy abhorred viperous desire.
But wilt thou needes, shall thy Dads lackie brat
VVeare thy Sires halfe-rot finger in his hat?
Nay then *Luxurio* waste in obloquie,
And I shall sport to heare thee faintly cry,
A die, a drab, and filthy broking knaues,
Are the worlds wide mouthes, all deuouring graues.
Yet *Samus* keepes a right good house I heare;
No, it keepes him, and free'th him from chill feare
Of shaking fitts; How then shall his smug wench,
How shall her bawd, (fit time) assist her quench
Her sanguine heate? *Linceus*, canst thou sent?
Shee hath her Monkey, & her instrument
Smooth fram'd at *Vitrio*. O greeuous misery!
Luscus hath left his female luxurie.

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

I, it left him; No, his old Cynick Dad
Hath forc'd him cleane forsake his Pickha'ch drab.
Alack, alack, what peece of lustfull flesh
Hath *Luscus* left, his *Priape* to redresse?
Grieue not good soule, he hath his *Ganimede*,
His perfum'd shee-goate, smooth kemb'd, high fed
At Hogsdon now his monstrous lust he feasts,
For there he keepes a baudy-house of beasts.
Paphus, let *Luscus* haue his Curtezan,
Or we shall haue a monster of a man.
Tut, *Paphus* now detaines him from that bower,
And claspes him close within his brick-built tower.
Diogenes, th'art damn'd for thy lewd wit,
For *Luscus* now hath skill to practise it.
Fayth, what cares he for faire *Cynedian* boyes?
Veluet cap'd Goates, duch Mares? tut cõmon toies.
Detaine them all, on this condition
He may but vse the Cynick friction.

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

O now yee male ſtewes, I can giue pretence
For your luxurious incontinence.
Hence, hence, yee falſed, ſeeming, Patriotes,
Returne not with pretence of ſaluing ſpots,
VVhen here yee ſoyle vs with impuritie,
And monſtrous filth, of Doway ſeminary.
What though *Iberia* yeeld you libertie,
To ſnort in ſource of Sodom vilanie?
What though the bloomes of young nobilitie,
Committed to your *Rodons* cuſtodie,
Yee *Nero* like abuſe? yet neuer heere approch,
Your newe S. *Homers* lewdnes for to broch.
Tainting our Townes, and hopefull Accademes,
With your luſt-bating moſt abhorred meanes.
Valladolid, our Athens gins to taſt
Of thy ranck filth, Camphire and Lettuce chaſt,
Are cleane caſheird, now *Sophi* Ringoes eate,
Candid Potatoes, are Athenians meate.

Hence

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

Hence Holy-thistle, come sweet marrow pie,
Inflame our backs to itching luxurie.
A Crabs bak'd guts, a Lobsters butterd thigh,
I heare them sweare is blood for venerie.
Had I some snout faire brats, they should indure
The new found *Castilian* callenture:
Before some pedant Tutor, in his bed
Should vse my frie, like Phrigian *Ganimede*.
Nay then chast cells, when greasie *Aretine*
For his ranck *Fico*, is surnam'd diuine:
Nay then come all yee veniall scapes to me,
I dare well warrant you'le absolued be.
Rufus, I'le terme thee but intemperate,
I will not once thy vice exaggerate,
Though that each howre thou lewdly swaggerest,
And all the quarter day, pay'st interest
For the forbearance of thy chalked score.
Though that thou keep'st a tally with thy whore.

Since

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

Since *Nero* keepes his mother *Agrippine*,
And no ſtrange luſt can ſatiate *Meſſaline*.
Tullus goe ſcotfree, though thou often bragg'ſt
That for a *falſe French-crowne*, thou vaulting hadſt
Though that thou know'ſt for thy incontinence
Thy drab repay'd thee, *true French peſtilence*.
But tuſh, his boaſt I beare, when *Tegeran*
Brags that he foyſtes his rotten Curtezan
Vpon his heire, that muſt haue all his lands:
And them hath ioyn'd in *Hymens* ſacred bands.
Ile wincke at *Robrus*, that for vicenage
Enters commen, on his next neighbors ſtage,
VVhen *Ioue* maintaines his ſiſter, and his whore:
And ſhe inceſtuous, iealous euermore,
Leaſt that *Europa* on the Bull ſhould ride:
Woe worth when beaſts for filth are deified!
Alacke poore rogues, what Cenſor interdicts
The veniall ſcapes of him that purſes picks?

VVhen

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

VVhen some slie, golden-slopt *Castilio*
Can cut a manors strings at Primero?
Or with a pawne, shall giue a Lordship mate,
In statute staple chaining fast his state?
VVhat Accademick starued Satyrist
Would gnaw rez'd Bacon, or with inke black fist
would tosse each muck-heap for som outcast scraps
Of halfe-dung bones to stop his iawning chaps?
Or with a hungry hollow halfe pin'd iaw (gnaw
VVould once a thrice-turn'd bone-pick'd subiect
When swarmes of Mountebancks, & Bandeti
Damn'd Briareans, sincks of villanie,
Factors for lewdnes, brokers for the deuill,
Infect our soules with all polluting euill.
Shal *Lucea* scorne her husbands luke-warme bed?
(Becausе her pleasure being hurried
In ioulting Coach, with glassie instrument,
Doth farre exceede the *Paphian* blandishment).
VVhilst

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

Whilst I (like to some mute *Pythagoran*)
Halter my hate, and cease to curse and ban
Such brutish filth? Shall *Matho* raise his name,
By printing pamphlets in anothers name,
And in them praise himselfe, his wit, his might.
All to be deem'd his Countries Lanthorne light?
Whilst my tongue's ty'de with bonds of blushing shame
For feare of broching my concealed name? (shame
Shall *Balbus*, the demure Athenian,
Dreame of the death of next *Vicarian*?
Cast his natiuitie? marke his complexion?
Waigh well his bodies weake condition?
That with guilt sleight he may be sure to get
The Planets place, when his dim shine shall set?
Shall *Curio* streake his lims on his dayes couch,
In Sommer bower? and with bare groping touch
Incense his lust, consuming all the yeere
In *Cyprian* dalliance, and in *Belgick* cheere?

Shall

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

Shall *Faunus* ſpend a hundred gallions,
Of Goates pure milke, to laue his ſtallions,
As much Roſe iuyce? O bath! ô royall, rich
To ſcower *Faunus*, and his ſalt proude bitch!
And when all's cleans'd, ſhall the ſlaues inſide ſtinck
worſe thē the new caſt ſlime of *Thames* ebb'd brink?
Whilſt I ſecurely let him ouerſlip?
Nere yerking him with my Satyrick vvhip?
Shall *Criſpus* with hipocriſie beguile,
Holding a candle, to ſome fiend a vvhile?
Now Iew, then Turke, then ſeeming Chriſtian,
Then Athieſt, Papiſt, and ſtraight puritan,
Now nothing, any thing, euen what you liſt,
So that ſome guilt may greaſe his greedy fiſt?
Shall *Damas* vſe his third-hand vvard as ill,
As any iade that tuggeth in the mill?
What, ſhall law, nature, vertue, be reiected,
Shall theſe world Arteries be ſoule infected,

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

With corrupt blood? Whilst I shal *Martia* taske?
Or some young *Villius*, all in choller aske,
How he can keepe a lazie waiting man,
And buy a hoode, & siluer-handled fan
With fortie pound? Or snarle at *Lollios* sonne?
That with industrious paines hath harder wonne
His true got worship, and his gentries name
Then any Swine-heards brat, that lousie came
To luskish *Athens*, and with farming pots,
Compiling bedds, & scouring greazie spots,
By chaunce (when he can like taught Parrat cry
Dearely belou'd, with simpering grauitie)
Hath got the Farme of some gelt Vicary,
And now on cock-horse, gallops iollilie
Tickling with some stolne stuffe his senceless eare,
Belching lewd termes gainst all sound Intrature.
Shall I with shaddowes fight? taske bitterly
Romes filth-scraping base channell rogarie?

Whilst

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

Whilst such huge Gyants shall affright our eyes
VVith execrable, damn'd impieties?
Shall I finde trading *Mecho*, neuer loath
Frankly to take a damning periur'd oath?
Shall *Furia* broke her sisters modestie,
And prostitute her soule to brothelrie?
Shall *Cossus* make his well-fac'd wife a stale,
To yeeld his braided ware a quicker sale? (stocks
Shall cock-horse, fat-paunch'd *Milo* staine vvhole
Of well borne soules, with his adultering spots?
Shall broking pandars sucke Nobilitie?
Soyling fayre stems with foule impuritie?
Nay, shall a trencher slaue extenuate,
Some *Lucrece* rape? and straight magnificate
Lewd *Iouian* lust? Whilst my satyrick vaine
Shall muzled be, not daring out to straine
His tearing paw? No gloomie *Iuvenall*,
Though to thy fortunes I disastrous fall.

SATTRE. IIII.

CRAS.

I Marry Sir, here's perfect honeſtie:
When *Martius* will forſweare all villanie:
(All damn'd abuſe, of payment in the vvarres
All filching from his Prince, and Souldiers)
When once he can but ſo much bright durt gleane,
As may mainetaine, one more White-friers queane.
One drab more, faith then farewell villanie,
He'le cleanſe himſelfe to Shoreditch puritie.
As for *Stadius*, I thinke he hath a ſoule,
And if he were but free from ſharpe controule
Of his ſower hoſt, and from his Taylors bill,
He would not thus abuſe his riming skill,
Iading our tyred eares with fooleries,
Greaſing great ſlaues, with oylie flatteries,
Good fayth I thinke, he would not ſtriue to ſute
The backe of humorous Time, (for baſe repute

Mong

CRAS

Mong dunghill peſants) botching vp ſuch ware,
As may be ſalable in Sturbridge fare.
If he were once but freed from ſpecialtie,
But ſooth, till then, beare with his ballatry.
I ask'd lewd *Gallus* when he'le ceaſe to ſweare,
And with whole culuering raging othes to teare
The vault of heauen, ſpetting in the eyes
Of natures Nature, lothſome blaſphemies.
To morrow he doth vow he will forbeare:
Next day I meete him, but I heare him ſweare
Worſe then before, I put his vow in minde,
He aunſwers me, *to morrow*, but I finde
He ſweares next day, farre worſe then ere before:
Putting me of with *(morrow)* euermore.
Thus when I vrge him, with his ſophiſtrie
He thinkes to ſalue his damned periurie.
Sylenus now is old, I vvonder I
He doth not hate his triple venery,

CRAS.

Cold, writhled Eld, his liues-wet almoſt ſpent,
Me thinkes a vnitie were competent:
But ô fayre hopes! He vvhiſpers ſecretly,
When it leaues him, he'le leaue his lecherie.
VVhen ſimpring *Flaccus* (that demurely goes
Right neatly tripping on his new blackt toes)
Hath made rich vſe of his Religion,
Of God himſelfe, in pure deuotion:
VVhen that the ſtrange *Ideas* in his head
(Broch'd mong curious ſotts, by ſhaddowes led)
Hath furniſh'd him, by his hote auditors
Of fayre demeanes, and goodly rich mannors,
Sooth then he will repent, vvhen's treaſurie
Shall force him to diſclaime his hereſie.
VVhat will not poore need force? but being ſped,
God for vs all, the gurmonds paunch is fed.
His minde is chang'd, but when will he doe good?
To morrow, (*I, to morrow by the rood.*)

Yet

Yet *Ruſcus* ſweares, he'le ceaſe to broke a ſute:
By peaſant meanes ſtriuing to get repute
Mong puffie Spunges, when the Fleet's defrayd
His reuell tier, and his Laundreſſe payd.
There is a crew which I too plaine could name
If ſo I might without th' *Aquinians* blame,
That lick the tayle of greatnes with their lips:
Laboring with third-hand ieſts, and Apiſh skips,
Retayling others wit, long barrelled
To glib ſome great mans eares, till panch be fed,
Glad if themſelues, as ſporting fooles be made,
To get the ſhelter of ſome high-growne ſhade.
To morrow yet theſe baſe tricks thei'le caſt off,
And ceaſe for lucar be a iering ſcoffe.
Ruſcus will leaue, when once he can renue
His waſted clothes, that are aſham'd to view
The worlds proude eyes. *Druſus* wil ceaſe to fawne
vvhen that his Farme, that leakes in melting pawne

Some

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Some

CRAS.

Some Lord-applauded ieſt hath once ſet free.
All will *to morrow* leaue their roguerie.
When fox-furd *Mecho* (by damn'd vſurie,
Cutthrote deceit, and his crafts villanie)
Hath rak'd together ſome foure thouſand pound,
To make his ſmug gurle, beare a bumming ſound
In a young merchants eare, fayth then (may be)
He'le ponder if there be a Deitie?
Thinking, if to the parriſh pouertie,
At his wiſht death, be dol'd a halfe-penny,
A worke of Supererogation,
A good filth-cleanſing ſtrong purgation.
Aulus will leaue begging Monopolies,
When that mong troupes of gaudie Butter-flies,
He is but able iet it iollily,
In pie-bauld ſutes, of proude Court brauerie.
To morrow doth *Luxurio* promiſe me,
He will vnline himſelfe from bitcherie.

Marry

CRAS.

Marry *Alcides* thirteenth act muſt lend
A glorious period, and his luſt-itch end.
VVhen once he hath froth-foming Ætna paſt
At one and thirtie being alwayes laſt.
If not to *Day* (quoth that *Naſonian*)
Much leſſe *to morrow*, Yes ſaith *Fabian*,
For ingrain'd Habites, *died with often dips,*
Are not ſo ſoone diſcoloured, young ſlips
New ſet, are eaſily mou'd, and pluck'd away,
But elder rootes, clip faſter in the clay.
I ſmile at thee, and at the Stagerite,
VVho holds the liking of the appetite,
Beeing fedde with actions often put in vre
Hatcheth the ſoule, in qualitie impure,
Or pure. May be in vertue, but for vice,
That comes by inſpiration, with a trice
Young *Furius* ſcarce fifteene yeres of age
But is ſtraight-wayes, right fit for marriage

Vnto

Vnto the deuill, for ſure they would agree,
Betwixt their ſoules there is ſuch ſympathie,
O where's your ſweatie habite, when each Ape,
That can but ſpy the ſhadow of his ſhape,
That can no ſooner ken what's vertuous,
But will auoyde it, and be vicious.
Without much doe, or farre fetch'd habiture
In earneſt thus, it is a ſacred cure
To ſalue the ſoules dread wounds; Omnipotent
That Nature is, that cures the impotent,
Euen in a moment; Sure Grace is infus'd
By diuine fauour, not by actions vs'd.
Which is as permanent as heauens bliſſe
To them that haue it, then no habite is.
To morrow, nay, to day, it may be got:
So pleaſe that gracious Power clenſe thy ſpot.
Vice, from priuation of that ſacred Grace,
which God with-drawes, but puts not vice in place.

Who

CRAS.

Who ſayes the ſunne is cauſe of vgly night?
Yet when he vailes our eyes from his faire ſight,
The gloomie curtaine of the night is ſpred.
Yee curious ſotts, vainly by Nature led,
Where is your vice or vertuous habite now?
For *Suſtine pro nunc* doth bend his brow,
And old crabb'd *Scotus* on th'organon
Pay'th me with ſnaphaunce, quick diſtinction,
Habites that intellectuall termed be,
Are got, or els infus'd from Deitie.
Dull Sorboniſt, flie contradiction.
Fye, thou oppung'ſt the definition.
If one ſhould ſay, *Of things term'd rationall,*
Some reaſon haue, others meere ſenſuall.
Would not ſome freſhman reading *Porphirie,*
Hiſſe, and deride ſuch blockiſh foolerie?
Then vice nor vertue haue from habite place,
The one from want, the other ſacred grace.

Infus'd

Infus'd, diſplac'd, not in our will or force,
But as it pleaſe *Iehoua* haue remorce.
I will, cryes *Zeno*, ô preſumption!
I can, thou maiſt, dogged opinion
Of thwarting Cynicks. To day vicious,
Liſt to their precepts, next day vertuous.
Peace *Seneca*, thou belcheſt blaſphemy.
To liue from God, but to liue happily
(I heare thee boaſt,) *from thy Phyloſophie,*
And from thy ſelfe, ô rauing lunacie!
Cynicks, yee wound your ſelues, for Deſtenie
Ineuitable Fate, Neceſsitie,
You hold doth ſway the acts ſpirituall,
As well as parts of that we mortall call,
Where's then (*I will?*) vvher's that ſtrong Deitie,
You doe aſcribe to your Phyloſophie?
Confounded Natures brats, can *will* and *Fate*,
Haue both theyr ſeate, & office in your pate?

CRAS.

O hidden depth of that dread Secrecie,
Which I doe trembling touch in Poetrie!
To day, to day, implore obſequiouſly,
Truſt not *to morrowes will*, leaſt vtterly
Yee be attach'd with ſad confuſion,
In your Grace-tempting lewd preſumption.
But I forget; vvhy ſweat I out my braine,
In deepe deſignes, to gay boyes lewd, and vaine?
Theſe notes were better ſung, mong better ſort,
But to my pamphlet, few ſaue fooles reſort.

Libri primi, finis.

SATY:
Liber ſecundus.

Proemium in librum ſecundum.

I Cannot quote a mott Italienate.
Or brand my Satyres with ſom Spaniſh terme.
I cannot with ſwolne lines magnificate,
Mine owne poore worth, or as immaculate
Task others rimes, as if no blot did ſtaine,
No blemiſh ſoile, my young Satyrick vaine.

Nor can I make my ſoule a merchandize,
Seeking conceits to ſute theſe Artleſſe times.
Ordaine for baſe reward to Poetize:
Soothing the world, with oylie flatteries.
Shall mercenary thoughts prouoke me write?
Shall I for lucar be a Paraſite?

Shall I once pen for vulgar ſorts applauſe?
To pleaſe each hound? each dungie Scauenger?
To fit ſome Oyſtar-wenches yawning iawes?
With trickſey tales of ſpeaking Corniſh dawes?

Firſt

Proemium in librum ſecundum.

Firſt let my braine (bright hair'd *Latonas* ſonne)
Be cleane diſtract with all confuſion.

VVhat though ſome *Iohn-á-ſtile* will baſely toile,
Onely incited with the hope of gaine, (Moile
Though roguie thoughts doe force ſome iade-like
Yet no ſuch filth my true-borne Muſe will ſoile.
O *Epictetus*, I doe honour thee,
To thinke how rich thou wert in pouertie.

Ad Rithmum.

(·.·)

COme prettie pleaſing ſymphonie of words,
Yee wel-match'd twins (whoſe like-tun'd tongs (affords
Such muſicall delight,) come willingly
And daunce Leuoltoes in my poeſie.
Come all as eaſie, as ſpruce *Curio* will,
In ſome court hall to ſhowe his capring skill.
As willingly come meete & iumpe together,
As new ioyn'd loues, when they doe clip each other.
As willingly, as wenches trip a round,
About a May-pole, after bagpipes ſound.
Come riming numbers, come and grace conceite,
Adding a pleaſing cloſe, with your deceit

Ad Rithmum.

Inticing eares. Let not my ruder hand
Seeme once to force you in my lines to ſtand,
Be not ſo fearefull (pretty ſoules) to meete,
As *Flaccus* is the Sergiants face to greete.
Be not ſo backward loth to grace my ſence,
As *Druſus* is, to haue intelligence
His Dad's aliue; but come into my head
As iocondly, as when his vvife was dead
Young *Lelius* to his home. Come like-fac'd rime,
In tunefull numbers keeping muſicks time.
But if you hange an arſe, like *Tubered*,
When *Chremes* dragg'd him from his brothell bed,
Then hence baſe ballad ſtuffe, my poetrie
Diſclaimes you quite, for know my libertie
Scornes riming lawes; Alas poore idle ſound,
Since I firſt *Phœbus* knew, I neuer found
Thy intereſt in ſacred Poeſie.
Thou to Invention add'ſt but ſurquedry,

Ad Rithmum.

A gaudie ornature, but haſt no part,
In that ſoule-pleaſing high infuſed art.
Then if thou wilt clip kindly in my lines,
Welcome thou friendly ayde of my deſignes.
If not? No title of my ſenceleſſe change
To wreſt ſome forced rime, but freely range.
Yee ſcrupulous obſeruers, goe & learne
Of *Æſops* dogge; meate from a ſhade diſcerne.

SATYRE. V.

♂ ☿

Totum in toto.

HAnge thy ſelfe *Druſus*, haſt nor arms nor brain?
Some Sophy ſay, the gods ſell all for paine.
Not ſo.
Had not that toyling *Thebane* ſteled back
Dread poyſned ſhafts, liu'd he now, he ſhould lack.
Spight of his farming Oxe-ſtaules. *Themis* ſelfe
Would be caſheir'd from one poore ſcrap of pelfe.
If that ſhe were incarnate in our time
Shee might lusk ſcorned in diſdained ſlime,
Shaded from honor by ſome enuious miſt
Of watry foggs, that fill the ill-ſtuft liſt
Of faire Deſert, ielous euen of blind darke,
Leaſt it ſhould ſpie, and at their lamenes barke.
Honors ſhade, thruſts honors ſubſtance frō his place
Tis ſtrange, when ſhade the ſubſtance can diſgrace?

Harſh

Totum in toto.

Harſh lines cryes *Curus*, vvhoſe eares nere reioyce
But at the quauering of my Ladies voyce.
Rude limping lines fits this leud halting age,
Sweet ſenting *Curus*, pardon then my rage,
When wiſards ſweare plaine vertue neuer thriues,
None but *Priapus* by plaine dealing vviues.
Thou ſubtile *Hermes*, are the Deſtinies
Enamor'd on thee? then vp mount the skies.
Aduance, depoſe, doe euen what thou liſt,
So long as Fates doe grace thy iugling fiſt.
Tuſcus, haſt *Benclarkes* armes and ſtrong ſinewes,
Large reach, full fedde vaines, ample reuenewes?
Then make thy markets by thy proper arme,
O, brawnie ſtrength is an all-canning charme!
Thou dreadleſſe *Thracean*, haſt *Hallirrhotius* ſlaine?
VVhat? iſt not poſsible thy cauſe maintaine
Before the dozen *Areopagites*?
Come *Enagonian*, furniſh him with ſlights.

Totum in toto.

Tut, *Plutos* wrath, *Proſerpina* can melt,
So that thy ſacrifice be freely felt.
What cannot *Iuno* force in bed with *Ioue*?
Turne and returne a ſentence with her loue.
Thou art too duskie. Fie thou ſhallow Aſſe,
Put on more eyes, and marke me as I paſſe.
Well plainely thus, *Sleight*, *Force*, are mighty things,
Frõ which, much, (if not moſt) earths glory ſprings.
If Vertues ſelfe, were clad in humane ſhape,
Vertue without theſe, might goe beg and ſcrape.
The naked truth is, a well clothed lie,
A nimble quick-pate mounts to dignitie.
By force, or fraude, that matters not a iot,
So maſſie wealth may fall vnto thy lot.
I heard old *Albius* ſweare, *Flavus* ſhould haue
His eldeſt gurle, for *Flavus* was a knaue.
A damn'd deep-reaching villaine, & would mount
He durſt well warrant him to great account.

What

Totum in toto.

VVhat though he laid forth all his ſtock & ſtore
Vpon ſome office, yet he'le gaine much more,
Though purchaſt deere. Tut, he will trebble it
In ſome fewe termes, by his extorting wit.
When I in ſimple meaning went to ſewe
For tonge-tide *Damus*, that would needs go wooe,
I prayſd him for his vertue, honeſt life,
By God, cryes *Flora*, Ile not be his wife.
He'le nere come on. Now I ſweare ſolemlie,
When I goe next, I'le prayſe his villanie.
A better field to range in now a dayes,
If vice be vertue, I can all men praiſe.
What though pale *Maurus* paid huge ſymonies
For his halfe-dozen gelded vicaries.
Yet with good honeſt cut-throate vſurie,
I feare he'le mount to reuerent dignitie.
O ſleight! all-canning ſleight! all-damning ſleight!
The onely gally-ladder vnto might.

Tuſcus

Totum in toto.

Tuſcus is trade falne, yet great hope he'le riſe,
For now he makes no count of periuries.
Hath drawne falſe lights from pitch-black loueries,
Glaſed his braided ware. Cogs, ſweares, and lyes.
Now ſince he hath the grace, thus graceleſſe be
His neighbors ſweare, he'le ſwell with treaſurie.
Tut who maintaines, ſuch goods ill got, decay.
No, they'le ſtick by thy ſoule, they'le nere away.
Luſcus my Lords perfumer had no ſale,
Vntill he made his wife a brothell ſtale.
Abſurd, the gods ſell all for induſtrie?
When, what's not got by hell-bred villanie?
Codrus my well-fac'd Ladies taile-bearer,
(He that ſome-times play'th *Flauias* vſherer)
I heard one day complaine to *Linceus*,
How vigilant, how right obſequious
Modeſt in carriage, how true in truſt,
And yet (alas) nere guerdond with a cruſt.

But

Totum in toto.

But now I ſee, he findes by his accounts
That ſole Priapus *by plaine dealing mounts.*
How now? what droupes the new *Pegaſian* Inne?
I feare mine hoſt is honeſt. Tut, beginne
To ſet vp whore-houſe. Nere too late to thriue
By any meanes at *Porta Rich*'ariue;
Goe vſe ſome ſleight, or liue poore *Irus* life,
Straight proſtitute thy daughter, or thy wife.
And ſoone be wealthy, but be damn'd with it,
Hath not rich *Mylo* then deepe reaching wit?

Faire age!

When tis a high, and hard thing t'haue repute
Of a compleat villaine, perfect, abſolute,
And roguing vertue brings a man defame.
A packſtaffe Epethite, and ſcorned name.
Fie how my wit flaggs, how heauily
Me thinks I vent dull ſprightleſſe poeſie.

What

Totum in toto.

What cold black froſt congeales my nūmed brain ?
What enuious power ſtops a Satyres vaine ?
O now I know, the iugling God of ſleights,
With Caduceus nimble *Hermes* fights,
And miſts my wit. Offended that my rimes
Diſplaie his odious, world-abuſing crimes.
O be propitious, powerfull God of Arts,
I ſheathe my weapons, and doe breake my darts,
Be then appeas'd, I'le offer to thy ſhrine,
An *Heccatombe*, of many ſpotted kine.
Myriades of beaſtes ſhall ſatisfie thy rage,
Which doe prophane thee in this Apiſh age.
Infectious blood, yee goutie humors quake
Whilſt my ſharp Razor doth inciſion make.

SA-

SATYRE. VI.

Hem noſti'n.

CVrio, know'ſt me? vvhy thou bottle-ale,
Thou barmy froth! O ſtay me, leaſt I raile
Beyond *Nil vltra*, to ſee this Butterflie,
This windie bubble taske my balladry
With ſenceleſſe cenſure. *Curio*, know'ſt my ſpright?
Yet deem'ſt that in ſad ſeriouſnes I write
Such naſtie ſtuffe as is *Pigmalion*?
Such maggot-tainted lewd corruption?
Ha, now he glauers with his fawning ſnowte,
And ſwears; he thought, I meant but faintly flowte,
My fine ſmug ryme. O barbarous dropſie noule!
Think'ſt thou that *Genius* that attends my ſoule,
And guides my fiſt to ſcourge *Magnifico's*
Wil daigne my mind be ranck'd in *Paphian* ſhowes?
Think'ſt thou, that I, which was create to whip
Incarnate fiends, will once vouchſafe to trip

Hem noſti'n.

A Paunis trauerſe? or will liſpe *(ſweet loue)*
Or pule *(Aye me)* ſome female ſoule to moue?
Think'ſt thou, that I in melting poeſie
Will pamper itching ſenſualitie?
(That in the bodyes ſcumme all fatally
Intombes the ſoules moſt ſacred faculty.)
Hence thou miſiudging Cenſor, know I wrot
Thoſe idle rimes to note the odious ſpot
And blemiſh that deformes the lineaments
Of moderne Poeſies habiliments.
Oh that the beauties of Invention,
For want of Iudgements diſpoſition
Should all be ſoyl'd, ô that ſuch treaſurie,
Such ſtraines of well-conceited poeſie,
Should moulded be, in ſuch a ſhapeleſſe forme,
That want of Art, ſhould make ſuch wit a ſcorne.
Here's one muſt invocate ſome loſe-legg'd dame,
Some brothell drab, to helpe him ſtanzaes frame,

Or els (alas) his wits can haue no vent
To broch conceits induſtrious intent.
Another yet dares tremblingly come out,
But firſt he muſt invoke good *Colyn Clout*.
Yon's one hath yean'd a fearefull prodigie,
Some monſtrous miſhapen Balladry,
His guts are in his braines, huge Iobbernoule,
Right Gurnets-head, the reſt without all ſoule.
Another walkes, is lazie, lyes him downe, (crowne
Thinkes, reades, at length ſome wonted ſleep doth
His new falne lids, dreames, ſtraight tenne pound to.
Out ſteps ſome Fayery with quick motion, (one,
And tells him wonders, of ſome flowrie vale,
Awakes ſtraight, rubs his eyes, and prints his tale.
Yon's one, whoſe ſtraines haue flowne ſo high a
That ſtraight he flags, & tumbles in a ditch. (pitch
His ſprightly hote high-ſoring poeſie
Is like that dreamed of Imagerie,

Whoſe

Whoſe head was gold, breſt ſiluer, braſſie thigh,
Lead leggs, clay feete; ô faire fram'd poeſie.
Here's one, to get an vndeſeru'd repute
Of deepe deepe learning, all in fuſtian ſute
Of ill-plac'd farre-fetch'd words attiereth
His period, that all ſence forſweareth.
Another makes old *Homer*, *Spencer* cite
Like my *Pigmalion*, where, with rare delight
He cryes, O *Ouid.* This caus'd my idle quill,
The worlds dull eares with ſuch lewd ſtuffe to fill,
And gull with bumbaſt lines, the witleſſe ſence
Of theſe odde naggs; whoſe pates circumference
Is fild with froth! O theſe ſame buzzing Gnats
That ſting my ſleeping browes, theſe Nilus Rats,
Halfe dung, that haue their life from putrid ſlime,
Theſe that doe praiſe my looſe laſciuious rime:
For theſe ſame ſhades I ſeriouſly proteſt
I ſlubber'd vp that Chaos indigeſt,

To

Hem noſti'n.

To fiſh for fooles, that ſtalke in goodly ſhape,
What though in veluet cloake, yet ſtill an Ape.
Capro reads, ſweares, ſcrubs, and ſweares againe,
Now by my ſoule an admirable ſtraine,
Strokes vp his haire, cryes paſsing paſsing good,
Oh, there's a line incends his luſtfull blood.
Then *Muto* comes with his new glaſſe-ſet face,
And with his late kiſt-hand my booke dooth grace,
Straight reades, then ſmyles & liſps (*tis prety good*)
And praiſeth that he neuer vnderſtood.
But roome for *Flaccus*, he'le my Satyres read.
Oh how I trembled ſtraight with inward dread!
But when I ſaw him read my fuſtian,
And heard him ſweare I was a Pythian,
Yet ſtraight recald, & ſweares I did but quote
Out of *Xilinum* to that margents note,
I could ſcarce hold, & keepe my ſelfe conceal'd,
But had well-nigh my ſelfe and all reueal'd.

Then

Then ſtraight comes *Friſcus*, that neat gentleman,
That newe diſcarded *Academian*,
Who for he could cry (*Ergo*) in the ſchoole,
Straight-way, with his huge iudgement dares con-
What ſo'ere he viewes, *that is prety, prety good,* (trole
That Epethite hath not that ſprightly blood
Which ſhould enforce it ſpeake, that's Perſeus *vaine,*
That's Iuvenals, *heere's* Horrace *crabbed ſtraine,*
Though he nere read one line in *Iuvenall,*
Or in his life his lazie eye let fall
On duskie *Perſeus*. O indignitie
To my reſpectleſſe free-bred poeſie.
Hence ye big-buzzing-little-bodied Gnats,
Yee tatling Ecchoes, huge tongu'd pigmy brats,
I meane to ſleepe, wake not my ſlumbring braine
VVith your malignant weake detracting vaine.
VVhat though the ſacred iſſue of my ſoule
I heare expoſe to Ideots controule?

What

Hem noſti'n.

What though I bare to lewd Opinion
Lay ope to vulgar prophanation
My very *Genius*. Yet know my poeſie
Doth ſcorne your vtmoſt, rank'ſt indignitie.
My pate was great with child, & here tis eas'd,
Vexe all the world, ſo that thy ſelfe be pleas'd.

SATYRE. VII.

A Cynicke Satyre.

A *Man, a man, a kingdome for a man.*
Why how now curriſh mad *Athenian?*
Thou Cynick dogge, ſee'ſt not ſtreets do ſwarme
With troupes of men? No, no, for *Circes* charme
Hath turn'd them all to ſwine: I neuer ſhall
Thinke thoſe ſame *Samian* ſawes authenticall,
But rather I dare ſweare, the ſoules of ſwine
Doe liue in men, for that ſame radiant ſhine,
That luſtre wherwith natures *Nature* decked
Our intellectuall part, that gloſſe is ſoyled
With ſtayning ſpots of vile impietie,
And muddy durt of ſenſualitie,
Theſe are no men, but *Apparitions,*
Ignes fatui, Glowormes, Fictions,
Meteors, Ratts of Nilus, Fantaſies,
Coloſſes, Pictures, Shades, Reſemblances.

Ho

A Cynicke Satyre.

Ho *Linceus!*

Seeſt thou yon gallant in the ſumptuous clothes,
How brisk, how ſpruce, how gorgiouſly he ſhowes,
Note his French-herring bones, but note no more,
Vnleſſe thou ſpy his fayre appendant whore
That lackyes him. Marke nothing but his clothes,
His new ſtampt complement, his Cannon oathes.
Marke thoſe, for naught but ſuch lewd viciouſnes
Ere graced him, ſaue Sodom beaſtlines.
Is this a *Man?* Nay, an incarnate deuill,
That ſtruts in vice, and glorieth in euill.
A man, a man: peace Cynick, yon is one,
A compleat ſoule, of all perfection.
What? mean'ſt thou him that walks al opē breſted?
Drawne through the eare with Ribands, plumy cre-
He that doth ſnort in fat-fed luxury, (ſted?
And gapes for ſome grinding Monopoly?

A Cynicke Satyre.

He that in effeminate inuention,
In beaſtly ſource of all pollution,
In ryot, luſt, and fleſhly ſeeming ſweetnes,
Sleepes ſound ſecure, vnder the ſhade of greatnes?
Mean'ſt thou that ſenceleſſe, ſenſuall Epicure?
That ſinck of filth, that guzzell moſt impure?
What he? *Linceus* on my word thus preſume,
He's nought but clothes, & ſenting ſweet perfume.
His very ſoule, aſſure thee *Linceus*,
Is not ſo big as is an Atomus:
Nay, he is ſprightleſſe, ſence or ſoule hath none,
Since laſt *Meduſa* turn'd him to a ſtone.
A man, a man, Loe yonder I eſpie
The ſhade of *Neſtor* in ſad grauitie;
Since old *Sylenus* brake his Aſſes back,
He now is forc'd his paunch, and gutts to pack
In a fayre Tumbrell. VVhy ſower Satiriſt
Canſt thou vnman him? Here I dare inſiſt

And

And soothly say, he is a perfect soule,
Eates Nectar, drinks Ambrosia, saunce controule.
An invndation of felicitie
Fats him with honor, and huge treasurie.
Canst thou not *Linceus* cast thy searching eye
And spy his immynent Catastrophe?
He's but a spunge, and shortly needs must leese
His wrong got iuyce, when greatnes fist shal squeese
His liquor out. Would not some shallow head,
That is with seeming shadowes onely fed,
Sweare yon same Damaske-coat, yon garded man,
Were some graue sober *Cato Vtican?*
When let him but in iudgements sight vncase,
He's naught but budge, old gards, browne foxe-fur face
He hath no soule, the which the Stagerite
Term'd rationall, for beastly appetitie.
Base dunghill thoughts, and sensuall action,
Hath made him loose that faire creation.

And now no man, ſince *Circes* magick charme
Hath turn'd him to a maggot, that doth ſwarme
In tainted fleſh, whoſe foule corruption
Is his fayre foode, whoſe generation
Anothers ruine. O *Canaans* dread curſe
To liue in peoples ſinnes. Nay farre more worſe
To muck ranke hate. But ſirra, *Lincens*,
Seeſt thou that troope that now affronteth vs?
They are naught but Eeles, that neuer will appeare,
Till that tempeſtuous winds or thunder teare
Their ſlimie beds. But prithee ſtay a while,
Looke, yon comes *Iohn-á-noke*, and *Iohn-a-ſtile*,
They'are naught but ſlow-pac'd, dilatory pleas,
Demure demurrers, ſtill ſtriuing to appeaſe
Hote zealous loue. The language that they ſpeake,
Is the pure barbarous blackſaunt of the *Geate*,
Their onely skill reſts in *Colluſions*,
Abatements, ſtopples, inhibitions.

Heauy-

A Cynicke Satyre.

Heauy-pac'd Iades, dull pated Iobernoules,
Quick in delayes, checking with vaine controules
Faire Iuſtice courſe, vile neceſſary euils,
Smooth ſeeme-Saints, yet damn'd incarnate deuils.
Farre be it from my ſharpe Satirick Muſe,
Thoſe graue, and reuerent legiſts to abuſe,
That ayde *Aſtrea*, that doe further right:
But theſe *Megera's* that inflame deſpight,
That broch deepe ranchor, that doe ſtudie ſtill
To ruine right, that they their panch may fill
With *Irus* blood; theſe Furies I doe meane,
Theſe Hedge-hogs, that diſturbe *Aſtreas* Scean.
A man, a man: peace Cynick, yon's a man,
Behold yon ſprightly dread *Mauortian.*
With him I ſtop thy curriſh barking chops.
what? meanſt thou him, that in his ſwaggering ſlops
Wallowes vnbraced all along the ſtreete?
He that ſalutes each gallant he doth meete,

With

With *farewell ſweet Captaine, kind hart, adew.*
He that laſt night, tumbling thou didſt view
From out the great mans head, and thinking ſtill
He had beene Sentinell of vvarlike Brill.
Cryes out *Que va la?* zownds *Que?* and out doth
His transformd ponyard, to a *Syrrenge* ſtraw, (draw
And ſtabs the Drawer. What that *Ringo* roote?
Mean'ſt thou that waſted leg, puffe bumbaſt boote?
What he that's drawne, and quartered with lace?
That *vveſtphalian* gamon Cloue-ſtuck face?
Why, he is naught but huge blaſpheming othes,
Swart ſnowt, big lookes, miſhapen Swizers clothes,
Weake meager luſt hath now conſumed quite,
And waſted cleane away his martiall ſpright,
Infeebling ryot, all vices confluence,
Hath eaten out that ſacred influence
VVhich made him man.

That

A Cynick Satyre.

That diuine part is ſoak'd away in ſinne,
In ſenſuall luſt, and midnight bezeling.
Ranke invndation of luxurioufnes,
Haue tainted him with ſuch groſſe beaſtlines,
That now the ſeate of that celeſtiall eſſence
Is all poſſeſt with Naples peſtilence.
Fat peace, and diſſolute impietie,
Haue lulled him in ſuch ſecuritie,
That now, let whirlewinds and confuſion teare
The Center of our ſtate, let Giants reare
Hill vpon hill, let vveſterne *Termagant*
Shake heauens vault, he with his Occupant,
Are cling'd ſo cloſe, like dew-wormes in the morne,
That he le not ſtir, till out his gutts are torne
VVith eating filth. *Tubrio* ſnort on, ſnort on,
Till thou art wak'd with ſad confuſion.
Now raile no more at my ſharpe Cynick ſound
Thou brutiſh world, that in all vilenes drown'd

Haſt

A Cynick Satyre.

Haſt loſt thy ſoule, for naught but ſhades I ſee,
Reſemblances of men inhabite thee.
Yon Tiſſue ſlop, yon Holy-croſſed pane,
Is but a vvater-ſpaniell that will faine
And kiſſe the water whilſt it pleaſures him,
But being once arriued at the brim;
He ſhakes it off.
Yon in the capring cloake, a Mimick Ape
That onely ſtriues to ſeeme an others ſhape.
Yon's *Æſops* Aſſe, yon ſad ciuilitie,
Is but an Oxe, that with baſe drugerie
Eares vp the Land, whilſt ſome gilt Aſſe doth chaw
The golden wheat; he well apay'd with ſtraw.
Yons but a muckhill ouer-ſpred with ſnow,
Which with that vaile doth euen as fairely ſhow
As the greene meades, whoſe natiue outward faire
Breathes ſweet perfumes into the neighbour ayre.

Yon

A Cynick Satyre.

Yon effeminate ſanguine *Ganimede*,
Is but a Beuer, hunted for the bed.
Peace Cynick, *ſee what yonder doth approach*,
A cart? a tumbrell? *no a Badged coach.*
What's in't? ſome man. *No, nor yet woman kinde,*
But a celeſtiall Angell, faire refinde.
The deuill as ſoone. Her maske ſo hinders mee
I cannot ſee her beauties deitie.
Now that is off, ſhee is ſo vizarded,
So ſteep'd in Lemons-iuyce, ſo ſurphuled
I cannot ſee her face, vnder one hood
Too faces, but I neuer vnderſtood
Or ſaw, one face vnder two hoods till now,
Tis the right ſemblance of old *Ianus* brow.
Her mask, her vizard, her looſe-hanging gowne
For her looſe lying body, her bright ſpangled crown
Her long ſlit ſleeue, ſtiffe busk, puffe verdingall,
Is all that makes her thus angelicall.

Alas

A Cynick Satyre.

Alas, her ſoule ſtruts round about her neck,
Her ſeate of ſence is her rebato ſet,
Her intellectuall is a fained nicenes
Nothing but clothes, & ſimpering preciſenes.
Out on theſe puppets, painted Images,
Haberdaſhers ſhops, torch-light maskeries, (bright
Perfuming pans, Duch antients, Glowe wormes
That ſoile our ſoules, and dampe our reaſons light:
Away, away, hence Coach-man, goe inſhrine
Thy new glas'd puppet in port Eſqueline.
Bluſh *Martia*, feare not, or looke pale, all's one,
Margara keepes thy ſet complexion.
Sure I nere thinke thoſe axioms to be true,
That ſoules of men, from that great ſoule enſue,
And of his eſſence doe participate
As't vvere by pypes, when ſo degenerate,
So aduerſe is our natures motion,
To his immaculate condition:

That

A Cynicke Satyre.

That ſuch foule filth, from ſuch faire puritie,
Such ſenſuall acts from ſuch a Deitie,
Can nere proceed. But if that dreame were ſo,
Then ſure the ſlime that from our ſoules doe flow,
Haue ſtopt thoſe pipes by which it was conuai'd,
And now no humane creatures, once diſrai'd
Of that fayre iem.
Beaſts *ſence*, plants *growth*, like being as a ſtone,
But out alas, our *Cogniſance* is gone.

Finis libri Secundi.

SATY:
Liber Tertius.

Proemium in librum tertium.

IN ſerious ieſt, and ieſting ſerioufnes
I ſtriue to ſcourge poluting beaſtlines.
I invocate no *Delian* Deitie,
Nor ſacred of-ſpring of *Mnemoſyne*:
I pray in ayde of no *Caſtalian* Muſe,
No Nimph, no femall Angell to infuſe
A ſprightly wit to raiſe my flagging wings,
And teach me tune theſe harſh diſcordant ſtrings:
I craue no Syrens of our Halcion times,
To grace the accents of my rough-hew'd rimes;
But grim *Reproofe*, ſtearne Hate of villanie,
Inſpire and guide a Satyres poeſie.
Faire *Deteſtation* of foule odious ſinne,
In which our ſwiniſh times lye wallowing.

Be.

Proemium in librum tertium.

Be thou my conduct and my *Genius*,
My wits inciting ſweet breath'd *Zephirus*.
O that a Satyres hand had force to pluck
Some ſludgate vp, to purge the world from muck:
VVould God I could turne *Alpheus* riuer in
To purge this *Augean* oxſtaule from foule ſin.
Well, I will try, awake impuritie,
And view the vaile drawne from thy villanie.

Inamo-

SATYRE. VIII.

Inamorato Curio.

Curio, aye me! thy miſtres Monkey's dead,
Alas, alas, her pleaſures buried.
Goe womans ſlaue, performe his exequies,
Condole his death in mournfull Elegies.
Tut, rather Peans ſing *Hermaphrodite*,
For that ſad death giues life to thy delight.
Sweet fac'd *Corinna*, daine the riband tie
Of thy Cork-ſhooe, or els thy ſlaue will die:
Some puling Sonnet toles his paſſing bell,
Some ſighing Elegie muſt ring his knell,
Vnleſſe bright ſunſhine of thy grace reuiue
His wambling ſtomack, certes he will diue
Into the vvhirle-poole of deuouring death,
And to ſome Mermaid ſacrifice his breath.
Then oh, *oh then*, to thy eternall ſhame,
And to the honour of ſweet *Curios* name,

Inamorato Curio.

This Epitaph vpon the Marble ſtone,
Muſt fayre be grau'd of that true louing one;
Heere lyeth hee, hee lyeth heere,
that bounc'd, and pitty cryed,
The doore not op'd, fell ſicke alas,
alas fell ſicke, and dyed.
What *Murmidon*, or hard *Dolopian*,
What ſauage minded rude *Cyclopian*,
But ſuch a ſweet pathetique *Paphian*
Would force to laughter? Ho *Amphitrion*,
Thou art no Cuckold, what though *Ioue* dallied
During thy warres, in faire *Alckmenas* bed,
Yet *Hercules* true borne, that imbecilitie
Of corrupt nature all apparantly
Appeares in him, ô foule indignitie,
I heard him vow himſelfe a ſlaue to *Omphale*,
Puling (*aye mee*) ô valours obloquie!
Hee that the inmoſt nookes of hell did know,
Whoſe nere craz'd proweſſe all did ouer-throw,

Inamorato Curio.

Lies ſtreaking brawnie limmes in weakning bed,
Perfum'd, ſmooth kemb'd, new glaz'd, faire ſurphu-led,
O that the boundleſſe power of the ſoule
Should be ſubiected to ſuch baſe controule!
Big limm'd *Alcides*, doffe thy honors crowne
Goe ſpin huge ſlaue leaſt *Omphale* ſhould frowne.
By my beſt hopes, I bluſh with greefe and ſhame
To broach the peaſant baſenes of our name.
O now my ruder hand begins to quake,
To thinke what loftie Cedars I muſt ſhake:
But if the canker fret the barkes of Oakes,
Like humbler ſhrubs ſhal equall beare the ſtroakes
Of my reſpectleſſe rude Satyrick hand,
Vnleſſe the Deſtin's adamantine band
Should tie my teeth, I cannot chooſe but bite
To view *Mauortius* metamorphiz'd quite
To puling ſighes, & into *(aye me's)* ſtate,
With voyce diſtinct, all fine articulate

Inamorato Curio.

Liſping, *Fayre ſaint, my woe compaſsionate,*
By heauen thine eye is my ſoule-guiding fate.
The God of wounds, had wont on *Cyprian* couch
To ſtreake himſelfe, and with incenſing touch
To faint his force onely when wrath had end:
But now, mong furious garboiles, he doth ſpend
His feebled valour, in tilt and turneing,
With wet turn'd kiſſes, melting dallying.
A poxe apon't, that *Bacchis* name ſhould be
The watch-word giuen to the ſoulderie.
Goe troupe to fielde, mount thy obſcured fame,
Cry out *S. George*, invoke thy Miſtres name;
Thy Miſtres, and *S. George*, alarum cry,
Weake force, weake ayde that ſprouts from luxurie.
Thou tedious workmanſhip of luſt-ſtung *Ioue*,
Downe from thy skies, enioy our females loue,
Some fiftie more *Beotian* gerles well ſue
To haue thy loue, (ſo that thy back be true.)

Inamorato Curio.

O now me thinks I heare ſwart *Martius* cry
Souping along in warrs fain'd maskerie,
By *Lais* ſtarrie ſront he'le forth-with die
In cluttred blood, his Miſtres liuorie.
Her fancies colours waues vpon his head,
O well fenc'd *Albion*, mainly manly ſped,
When thoſe that are Soldadoes in thy ſtate,
Doe beare the badge of baſe, effeminate,
Euen on their plumie creſts, brutes ſenſuall,
Hauing no ſparke of intellectuall.
Alack, what hope? when ſome ranck naſty wench
Is ſubiect of their vowes and confidence?
Publius hates vainely to idolatries,
And laughs that Papiſts honor Images,
And yet (ô madnes) theſe mine eyes did ſee
Him melt in mouing plaints, obſequiouſly
Imploring fauour, twining his kind armes,
Vſing inchauntments, exorciſmes, charmes.

Inamorato Curio.

The oyle of Sonnets, wanton blandiſhment,
The force of teares, & ſeeming languiſhment,
Vnto the picture of a painted laſſe:
I ſaw him court his Miſtres looking-glaſſe,
Worſhip a busk-poynt, (which in ſecrecie
I feare was conſcius of ſtrange villanie.)
I ſaw him crouch, deuote his liuelihood,
Sweare, proteſt, vow peſant ſeruitude
Vnto a painted puppet, to her eyes
I heard him ſweare his ſighes to ſacrifice.
But if he get her itch-allaying pinne,
O ſacred relique, ſtraight he muſt beginne
To raue out-right, then thus. *Celeſtiall bliſſe,*
Can heauen grant ſo rich a grace as this?
Touch it not (by the Lord Sir) tis diuine,
It once beheld her radiant eyes bright ſhine:
Her haire imbrac'd it, ô thrice happie prick
That there was thron'd, and in her haire didſt ſticke.
Kiſſe,

Inamorato Curio.

Kiſſe, bleſſe, adore it *Publius*, neuer linne,
Some ſacred vertue lurketh in the pinne.
O frantick fond pathetique paſsion!
Iſt poſſible ſuch ſenſuall action
Should clip the wings of contemplation?
O can it be the ſpirits function,
The ſoule not ſubiect to dimenſion,
Should be made ſlaue to reprehenſion
Of craftie natures paint? Fie, can our ſoule
Be vnderling to ſuch a vile controule?
Saturio wiſh'd him ſelfe his Miſtres buske,
That he might ſweetly lie, and ſoftly luske
Betweene her pappes, then muſt he haue an eye
At eyther end, that freely might diſcry
Both hills and dales. But out on *Phrigio*,
That wiſh'd he were his Miſtres puppie cur, to goe
And licke his Miſtres fiſt, ô prettie grace,
That prettie *Phrigio* begs but Pretties place.

Parthe-

Inamorato Curio.

Parthenophell, thy wiſh I will omit,
So beaſtly tis I may not vtter it.
But *Punicus*, of all I'le beare with thee,
That faine would'ſt be thy Miſtres ſmug Munkey,
Here's one would be a flea, (ieſt comicall)
Another his ſweet Ladies verdingall
To clip her tender breech; Another he
Her ſiluer-handled fanne would gladly be,
Here's one would be his Miſtres neck-lace faine,
To clip her faire, and kiſſe her azure vaine.
Fond fooles, well wiſh'd, and pittie but ſhould bee,
For beaſtly ſhape to brutiſh ſoules agree.
If *Lauras* painted lip doe daine a kiſſe
To her enamor'd ſlaue, *ô heauens bliſſe*
(Straight he exclaimes) *not to be match'd with this!*
Blaſpheming dolt, goe three-ſcore ſonnets write
Vpon a pictures kiſſe, ô rauing ſpright!

Inamorato Curio.

I am not ſapleſſe, old, or rumatick,
No *Hipponax* miſhapen ſtigmatick,
That I ſhould thus inueigh gainſt amorous ſpright
Of him whoſe ſoule doth turne *Hermaphrodite*,
But I doe ſadly grieue, and inly vexe
To view the baſe diſhonors of our ſexe. (rapes,
Tuſh, guiltles Doues, when Gods to force foule
Will turne themſelues to any brutiſh ſhapes.
Baſe baſtard powers, whom the world doth ſee
Trauſ-form'd to ſwine for ſenſuall luxurie;
The ſonne of *Saturne* is become a Bull,
To crop the beauties of ſome female trull.
Now, when he hath his firſt wife *Metim* ſped,
And fairely chok'd, leaſt foole gods ſhould be bred
Of that fond Mule. *Themis* his ſecond wife
Hath turn'd away, that his vnbrideled life
Might haue more ſcope. Yet laſt his ſiſters loue
Muſt ſatiate the luſtfull thoughts of *Ioue*.

Now

Inamorato Curio.

Now doth the lecher in a Cuckowes ſhape
Commit a monſtrous and inceſtuous rape.
Thrice ſacred gods, and ô thrice bleſſed skies
Whoſe orbes includes ſuch vertuous deities!
What ſhould I ſay? Luſt hath confounded all
The bright gloſſe of our intellectuall
Is fouly ſoyl'd. The wanton wallowing
In fond delights, and amorous dallying,
Hath dusk'd the faireſt ſplendour of our ſoule:
Nothing now left, but carkas, lothſome, foule.
For ſure, if that ſome ſpright remained ſtill,
Could it be ſubiect to lewd *Lais* will?
Reaſon by prudence in her function
Had wont to tutor all our action.
Ayding with precepts of philoſophy
Our feebled natures imbecilitie:
But now affection, will, concupiſcence,
Haue got o're Reaſon chiefe preheminene.

Tis

Inamorato Curio.

Tis ſo, els how, how ſhould ſuch baſenes taint
As force it be made ſlaue to natures paint?
Me thinkes the ſpirits Pegaſe *Fantaſie*
Should hoiſe the ſoule from ſuch baſe ſlauery,
But now I ſee, and can right plainly ſhow
Frō whence ſuch abiect thoughts & actions grow.
Our aduerſe body, beeing earthly, cold,
Heauie, dull, mortall, would not long infold
A ſtranger inmate, that was backward ſtill
To all his dungie, brutiſh, ſenſuall will:
Now here-vpon, our Intellectuall,
Compact of fire all celeſtiall,
Inviſible, immortall, and diuine, (ſlime.
Grewe ſtraight to ſcorne his Land-lordes muddy
And therefore now is cloſely ſlunke avvay
(Leauing his ſmoakie houſe of mortall clay)
Adorn'd with all his beauties lineaments
And brighteſt iemms of ſhining ornaments.

His

Inamorato Curio.

His parts diuine, ſacred, ſpirituall
Attending on him, leauing the ſenſuall
Baſe hangers on, lusking at home in ſlime,
Such as wont to ſtop port Eſqueline.
Now doth the body ledde with ſenceleſſe will,
(The which in reaſons abſence ruleth ſtill)
Raue, talke idlie, as't were ſome deitie
Adoring female painted puppetry
Playing at put-pin, doting on ſome glaſſe
(Which breath'd but on his falſed gloſſe doth paſſe)
Toying with babies, and with fond paſtime
Some childrens ſport, deflowring of chaſt time,
Imploying all his wits in vaine expence,
Abuſing all his organons of ſence.
Returne, returne, ſacred *Syndereſis*,
Inſpire our truncks, let not ſuch mud as this
Pollute vs ſtill. Awake our lethargie,
Raiſe vs from out our brain-ſicke foolerie.

S A-

SATYRE. IX.

Here's a toy to mocke an Ape indeede.

GRim-fac'd *Reproofe*, ſparkle with threatning eye
Bend thy ſower browes in my tart poeſie.
Auant yee curres, houle in ſome cloudie miſt,
Quake to behold a ſharp-fang'd Satyriſt.
O how on tiptoes proudly mounts my Muſe,
Stalking a loftier gate then Satyres vſe.
Me thinkes ſome ſacred rage warmes all my vaines,
Making my ſpright mount vp to higher ſtraines
Then wel beſeemes a rough-tongu'd Satyres part,
But Art curbs Nature, Nature guildeth Art.
Come downe yee Apes, or I will ſtrip you quite,
Baring your bald tayles to the peoples ſight.
Yee Mimick ſlaues, what are you percht ſo high?
Downe Iack an Apes from thy fain'd roialtie.
What furr'd with beard, cas'd in a Satin ſute
Iudiciall Iack? how haſt thou got repute

Of

A toy to mock an Ape.

Of a ſound cenſure? O ideot times,
Whē gawdy Monkeyes mowe ore ſprightly rimes!
O world of fooles, when all mens iudgement's ſet
And reſts vpon ſome mumping Marmuſet!
Yon Athens Ape (that can but ſimperingly
Yaule *auditores humaniſsimi*,
Bound to ſome ſeruile imitation,
Can with much ſweat patch an Oration,
Now vp he comes, and with his crooked eye
Preſumes to ſquint on ſome faire Poeſie;
And all as thankleſſe as vngratefull Thames
He ſlinkes away, leauing but reeching ſteames
Of dungie ſlime behind, all as ingrate
He vſeth it, as when I ſatiate (roome,
My ſpaniels paunch, who ſtraight perfumes the
With his tailes filth: ſo this vnciuill groome,
Ill-tutor'd pedant, *Mortimers* numbers
With muck-pit eſculine filth beſcumbers.

Now

A toy to mock an Ape.

Now th'Ape chatters, and is as malecontent
As a bill-patch'd doore, whoſe entrailes out haue (ſent
And ſpewd theyr tenant.
My ſoule adores iudiciall ſchollerſhip,
But when to ſeruile imitatorſhip
Some ſpruce Athenian pen is prentized,
Tis worſe then Apiſh. Fie, bee not flattered
With ſeeming worth, fond affectation
Befits an Ape, and mumping Babilon.

O what a trickſie lerned nicking ſtraine
Is this applauded, ſencles, modern * vain
When late I heard it frõ ſage *Mutius* lips
How il me thought ſuch wanton ligging skips
Beſeem'd his grauer ſpeech. Farre flie thy faine
Moſt, moſt, of me belou'd, whoſe ſilent name
One letter bounds. Thy true iudiciall ſtile
I euer honour, and if my loue beguile

* *nõ ledere, ſed ludere non lanea, ſed linea non ictus, ſed nictus potius.*

Not

A toy to mock an Ape.

Not much my hopes, then thy vnvalued worth
Shall mount faire place, whē Apes are turned forth.
I am too milde, reach me my ſcourge againe,
O yon's a pen ſpeakes in a learned vaine.
Deepe, paſt all ſence. Lanthorne & candle light,
Here's all inviſible, *all ment all ſpright.*
What hotchpotch, giberidge, doth the Poet bring?
How ſtrangely ſpeakes? yet ſweetly doth he ſing.
I once did know a tinckling Pewterer,
That was the vildeſt ſtumbling ſtutterer
That euer hack'd and hew'd our natiue tongue,
Yet to the Lute if you had heard him ſung,
Ieſu how ſweet he breath'd. You can apply.
O ſenceleſſe proſe, iudiciall poeſie,
How ill you'r link'd. This affectation,
To ſpeake beyond mens apprehenſion,
How Apiſh tis. When all in fuſten ſute
Is cloth'd a huge *nothing*, all for repute

Of

A toy to mock an Ape.

Of profound knowledge, whē profoūdnes knowes
There's nought containd, but only ſeeming ſhowes.
Old Iack of Parris-garden, canſt thou get
A faire rich ſute, though fouly runne in debt?
Looke ſmug, ſmell ſweet, take vp commodities,
Keepe whores, fee baudes, belch impious blaſphe-
Wallow along in ſwaggering diſguiſe, (mies,
Snuffe vp ſmoak whiffs, & each morne fore ſhe riſe
Viſite thy drab? Canſt vſe a falſe cut Die
With a cleane grace, and glib facilitie?
Canſt thunder cannon oathes, like th'ratling
Of a huge, double, full-charg'd culuering?
Then Iack troupe mong our gallants, kiſſe thy fiſt,
And call them brothers. Say a Satyriſt
Sweares they are thine in neere affinitie.
All cooſin germaines, ſaue in villanie.
For (ſadly truth to ſay) what are they els
But imitators of lewd beaſtlines?

H. Farre

A toy to mock an Ape.

Farre worſe then Apes; for mow, or ſcratch your pate,
It may be ſome odde Ape will imitate.
But let a youth that hath abus'd his time,
In wronged trauaile, in that hoter clime,
Swoope by old Iack, in clothes Italienate:
And I'le be hang'd if he will imitate
His ſtrange fantaſtique ſute ſhapes. - -
Or let him bring or'e beaſtly luxuries,
Some hell-deuiſed luſtfull villanies,
Euē Apes & beaſts would bluſh with natiue ſhame,
And thinke it foule diſhonour to their name,
Their beaſtly name, to imitate ſuch ſin
As our lewd youths doe boaſt and glory in.

Fie, whether doe theſe Monkeys carry mee?
Their very names doe ſoile my poeſie.
Thou world of Marmoſets and mumping Apes,
Vnmaske, put of thy fained borrowed ſhapes.

Why

A toy to mock an Ape.

Why lookes neate *Curus* all ſo ſimperingly?
Why babbles thou of deepe Diuinitie?
And of that ſacred teſtimoniall?
Liuing voluptuous like a *Bacchanall?*
Good hath thy tongue: but thou ranke Puritan,
I'le make an Ape as good a Chriſtian.
I'le force him chatter, turning vp his eye
Looke ſad, goe graue. Demure ciuilitie
Shall ſeeme to ſay, *Good brother, ſiſter deere,*
As for the reſt, to ſnort in belly cheere,
To bite, to gnaw, and boldly intermell
With ſacred things, in which thou dooſt excell,
Vnforc'd he'le doe. O take compaſsion
Euen on your ſoules, make not religion
A bawde to lewdnes. Ciuill *Socrates,*
Clip not the youth of *Alcebiades*
With vnchaſt armes. Diſguiſed *Meſſaline,*
I'le teare thy maske, and bare thee to the eyne

A toy to mock an Ape.

Of hiſsing boyes, if to the Theaters
I finde thee once more come for lecherers
To ſatiate? Nay, to tyer thee with the vſe
Of weakning luſt. Yee fainers, leaue t'abuſe
Our better thoughts with your hipociſie,
Or by the euer-liuing Veritie,
I'le ſtryp you nak'd, and whyp you with my rimes,
Cauſing your ſhame to liue to after times.

SATYRE. X.

Humours.

SLeep grim *Reproofe*, my iocond Muſe dooth
In other keyes, to nimbler fingering. (ſing
Dull ſprighted *Melancholy*, leaue my braine
To hell *Cimerian* night, in liuely vaine
I ſtriue to paint, then hence all darke intent
And ſullen frownes, come ſporting meriment,
Cheeke dimpling laughter, crowne my very ſoule
With iouiſance, whilſt mirthfull ieſts controule
The goutie humours of theſe pride-ſwolne dayes,
Which I doe long vntill my pen diſplaies.
O I am great with mirth, ſome midwifrie,
Or I ſhall breake my ſides at vanitie. (ſtur,
Roome for a capering mouth, whoſe lips nere
But in diſcourſing of the gracefull ſlur:
Who euer heard ſpruce skipping *Curio*
Ere prate of ought, but of the whirle on toe.

The turne aboute ground, *Robrus* ſprauling kicks,
Fabius caper, *Harries* toſſing tricks?
Did euer any eare, ere heare him ſpeake
Vnleſſe his tongue of croſſe-poynts did intreat?
His teeth doe caper whilſt he eates his meate,
His heeles doe caper, whilſt he takes his ſeate,
His very ſoule, his intellectuall
Is nothing but a mincing capreall. (meete
He dreames of toe-turnes, each gallant hee doth
He fronts him with a trauers in the ſtreete,
Prayſe but *Orcheſtra*, and the skipping art,
You ſhall commaund him, faith you haue his hart
Euen capring in your fiſt. A hall, a hall,
Roome for the Spheres, the Orbes celeſtiall
Will daunce *Kemps Iigge*. They'le reuel with neate
A worthy Poet hath put on their Pumps? (iumps
O wits quick trauers, but *ſance ceo's* ſlow,
Good faith tis hard for nimble *Curio*.

Yee

Humours.

Yee gracious Orbs, keepe the old meaſuring,
All's ſpoyld if once yee fall to capering.
Luſcus what's playd to day? faith now I know
I ſet thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow
Naught but pure *Iuliat* and *Romio*.
Say, who acts beſt? *Druſus*, or *Roſcio*?
Now I haue him, that nere of ought did ſpeake
But when of playes or Plaiers he did treate.
H'ath made a common-place booke out of plaies,
And ſpeakes in print, at leaſt what ere he ſayes
Is warranted by Curtaine *plaudeties*,
If ere you heard him courting *Leſbias* eyes;
Say (Curteous Sir) ſpeakes he not mouingly
From out ſome new pathetique Tragedie?
He writes, he railes, he ieſts, he courts, what not,
And all from out his huge long ſcraped ſtock
Of well penn'd playes.

Oh

Oh come not within diſtance, *Martius* ſpeakes,
Who nere diſcourſeth but of fencing feates,
Of *counter times*, *finctures*, ſlye *paſſataes*,
Stramazones, reſolute *Stoccataes*,
Of the quick change, with wiping *mandritta*,
The *carricado*, with th' *enbrocata*,
Oh, by Ieſu Sir, (me thinks I heare him cry)
The honourable fencing miſtery,
Who doth not honor? Then fals he in againe,
Iading our eares, and ſome-what muſt be ſaine
Of blades, and Rapier-hilts, of ſureſt garde,
Of *Vincentio*, and the *Burgonians* ward.
This bumbaſt foile-button I once did ſee
By chaunce, in *Liuias* modeſt companie,
When after the *God-ſauing* ceremonie,
For want of talke-ſtuffe, falls to foinerie,
Out goes his Rapier, and to *Liuia*
He ſhowes the ward by *puncta reuerſa*.

The *incarnata.* Nay, by the bleſſed light,
Before he goes, he'le teach her how to fight
And hold her weapon. Oh I laught amaine,
To ſee the madnes of this *Martius* vaine.
But roome for *Tuſcus*, that ieſt-mounging youth,
Who nere did ope his Apiſh gerning mouth
But to retaile and broke anothers wit.
Diſcourſe of what you will, he ſtraight can fit
Your preſent talke, with, *Sir, I'le tell a ieſt,*
(Of ſome ſweet Lady, or graund Lord at leaſt)
Then on he goes. And nere his tongue ſhall lye
Till his ingroſſed ieſts are all drawne dry;
But then as dumbe as *Maurus*, when at play
H'ath loſt his crownes, and paun'd his trim array.
He doth naught but retaile ieſts, breake but one
Out flies his table-booke, let him alone,
He'le haue't i-fayth; Lad, haſt an Epigram,
Wilt haue it put into the chaps of Fame?

Giue

Giue *Tuſcus* coppies, ſooth as his owne wit
His propper iſſue he will father it.
O that this Eccho, that doth ſpeake, ſpet, write
Naught but the excrements of others ſpright,
This ill-ſtuft truncke of ieſts, whoſe very ſoule
Is but a heape of Iibes, ſhould once inroule
His name mong creatures termed rationall,
vvhoſe cheefe repute, whoſe ſence, whoſe ſoule & al
Are fedde with offall ſcrapes, that ſometimes fal
From liberall wits, in their large feſtiuall.
Come a loft Iack, roome for a vaulting skip,
Roome for *Torquatus*, that nere op'd his lip
But in prate of *pummado reuerſa*,
Of the nimble tumbling *Angelica*.
Now on my ſoule, his very intelect
Is naught but a curuetting *Sommerſet*.
Huſh, huſh, cryes (honeſt *Phylo*) peace, deſiſt,
Dooſt thou not tremble ſower Satyriſt

Now

Humours.

Now iudiciall Muſus *readeth thee?*
He'le whip each line, he'le ſcourge thy balladry,
Good fayth he will. *Phylo* I prethee ſtay
Whilſt I the humour of this dogge diſplay:
He's naught but cenſure, wilt thou credite me,
He neuer wrote one line in poeſie,
But once at Athens in a theame did frame
A paradox in prayſe of Vertues name,
Which ſtill he huggs, and lulls as tenderly
As cuckold *Tiſus* his wifes baſtardie.
Well, here's a challenge, I flatly ſay he lyes
That heard him ought but cenſure Poeſies.
Tis his diſcourſe, firſt hauing knit the brow,
Stroke vp his fore-top, champed euery row,
Belcheth his ſlauering cenſure on each booke
That dare preſume euen on *Meduſa* looke.
I haue no Artiſts skill in ſimphonies,
Yet when ſome pleaſing Diapaſon flies

From

From out the belly of a ſweet touch'd Lute,
My eares dares ſay tis good, or when they ſute
Some harſher ſeauens for varietie,
My natiue skill diſcernes it preſently.
What then? Will any ſottiſh dolt repute
Or euer thinke me *Orpheus* abſolute?
Shall all the world of Fidlers follow me,
Relying on my voyce in muſickrie?
Muſus here's *Rhodes*, lets ſee thy boaſted leape,
Or els avaunt lewd curre, preſume not ſpeake,
Or with thy venome-ſputtering chapps to barke
Gainſt well-pend Poems, in the tongue-tied darke.
O for a humour, looke who yon doth goe,
The meager lecher, lewd *Luxurio*,
Tis he that hath the ſole monopolie
By patent, of the Suburbe lecherie.
No new edition of drabbs comes out,
But ſeene and allow'd by *Luxurios* ſnout.

Did

Humours.

Did euer any man ere heare him talke
But of Pick-hatch, or of ſome Shorditch baulke,
Aretines filth, or of his wandring whore,
Of ſome *Cynedian*, or of *Tacedore*,
Of *Ruſcus* naſtie lothſome brothell rime,
That ſtincks like *Aiax* froth, or muck-pit ſlime.
The newes he tells you, is of ſome new fleſh,
Lately broke vp, ſpanne new, hote piping freſh;
The curteſie he ſhowes you, is ſome morne
To giue you *Venus* fore her ſmock be on.
His eyes, his tongue, his ſoule, his all is luſt,
VVhich vengeance and confuſion follow muſt.
Out on this ſalt humour, letchers dropſie,
Fie, it doth ſoyle my chaſter poeſie.
O ſpruce! How now *Piſo*, *Aurelius* Ape,
What ſtrange diſguiſe, what new deformed ſhape
Doth hold thy thoughts in contemplation?
Faith ſay, what faſhion art thou thinking on?

A ſtitch'd Taffata cloake, a payre of ſlops
Of Spaniſh leather? O who heard his chops
Ere chew of ought, but of ſome ſtrange diſguiſe.
This faſhion-mounger, each morne fore he riſe
Contemplates ſute ſhapes, & once frō out his bed,
He hath them ſtraight full liuely portraied.
And then he chukes, and is as proude of this,
As *Taphus* when he got his neighbours bliſſe.
All faſhions ſince the firſt yeere of this Queene,
May in his ſtuddie fairely drawne be ſeene,
And all that ſhall be to his day of doome,
You may peruſe within that little roome.
For not a faſhion once dare ſhow his face,
But from neate *Pyſo* firſt muſt take his grace.
The long fooles coat, the huge ſlop, the lugg'd boot
From mimick *Piſo*, all doe claime their roote.
O that the boundleſſe power of the ſoule
Should be coop'd vp in faſhioning ſome roule!

But

But ô, *Suffenus*, (that dooth hugge, imbrace
His propper ſelfe, admires his owne ſweet face,
Prayſeth his owne faire limmes proportion,
Kiſſeth his ſhade, recounteth all alone
His owne good parts) who enuies him? not I,
For well he may, without all riualrie.
Fie, whether's fledde my ſprights alacritie?
How dull I vent this humorous poeſie.
In fayth I am ſad, I am poſſeſt with ruth,
To ſee the vainenes of fayre *Albions* youth;
To ſee their richeſt time euen wholy ſpent
In that which is but Gentries ornament.
Which beeing meanely done, becomes them well,
But when with deere times loſſe they doe excell,
How ill they doe things well. To daunce & ſing,
To vault, to fence, & fairely trot a ring
With good grace, meanely done. O what repute
They doe beget, but beeing abſolute,

It argues too much time, too much regard
Imploy'd in that which might be better ſpard,
Then ſubſtance ſhould be loſt. If one ſhould ſew
For *Lebias* loue, hauing two dayes to woe
And not one more, & ſhould imploy thoſe twaine
The fauour of her wayting-wench to gaine,
Were he not mad? Your apprehenſion,
Your wits are quicke in application.

Gallants,
Me thinks your ſoules ſhould grudge, & inly ſcorne
To be made ſlaue, to humors that are borne
In ſhame of filthy ſenſualitie.
That part not ſubiect to mortalitie
(Boundleſſe diſcurſiue apprehenſion
Giuing it wings to act his function) (courſe,
Me thinks ſhould murmure, when you ſtop his
And ſoile his beauties in ſome beaſtly ſource,

Of

Of brutiſh pleaſures. But it is ſo poore,
So weake, ſo hunger bitten, euermore
Kept from his foode, meagar for want of meate,
Scorn'd and reiected, thruſt from out his ſeate,
Vpbray'd by Capons greace, conſumed quite
By eating ſtevves, that waſte the better ſpright.
Snib'd by his baſer parts, that now poore *Soule*,
(Thus peſanted to each lewd thoughts controule)
Hath loſt all hart, bearing all iniuries,
The vtmoſt ſpight, and rank'ſt indignities
With forced willingnes. Taking great ioy
If you will daine his faculties imploy
But in the mean'ſt ingenious qualitie.
(How proude he'le be of any dignitie?)
Put it to muſick, dauncing, fencing ſchoole,
Lord how I laugh to heare the pretty foole
How it will prate, his tongue ſhall neuer lie,
But ſtill diſcourſe of his ſpruce qualitie;

Egging his maiſter to proceed from this,
And get the ſubſtance of celeſtiall bliſſe.
His Lord ſtraight calls his parliament of ſence,
But ſtill the ſenſuall haue preheminence.
The poore ſoules better part ſo feeble is,
So cold and dead is his *Synderiſis*,
That ſhadowes by odde chaunce ſomtimes are got,
But ô the ſubſtance is reſpected not.
Here ends my rage, though angry brow was bent,
Yet I haue ſung in ſporting merriment.

FINIS.

¶ To euerlasting *Obli-uion*.

THou mighty gulfe, insatiat cormorant,
Deride me not, though I seeme petulant
To fall into thy chops. Let others pray
For euer their faire Poems flourish may.
But as for mee, hungry *Oblivion*
Deuoure me quick, accept my orizon:
My earnest prayers, which doe importune thee,
With gloomie shade of thy still Emperie,
To vaile both me and my rude poesie.

To euerlasting Obliuion.

Farre worthier lines in ſilence of thy ſtate
Doe ſleepe ſecurely free from loue or hate,
From which this liuing, nere can be exempt,
But whilſt it breathes will hate and furie tempt.
Then cloſe his eyes with thy all-dimming hand,
Which not right glorious actions can with-ſtand.
Peace hatefull tongues, I now in ſilence pace,
Vnleſſe ſome hound doe wake me from my place,
I with this ſharpe, yet well meant poeſie,
Will ſleepe ſecure, right free from iniurie
Of cancred hate, or rankeſt villanie.

To

To him that hath perused me.

GEntle, or vngentle hand that holdeſt me, let not thine eye be caſt vpon priuatnes, for I proteſt I glaunce not on it. If thou haſt peruſed me, what leſſer fauour canſt thou graunt then not to abuſe me with vniuſt application? Yet I feare me, I ſhall be much, much, iniuried by two ſorts of readers: the one being ignorant, not knowing the nature of a Satyre, (which is vnder fained priuate names, to note generall vices,) vvill needes wreſt each fayned name to a priuate vnfained perſon. The other too ſubtile, bearing a priuate malice to ſome greater perſonage then hee dare in his owne perſon ſeeme to malingne, will ſtriue by a forced application of my generall reproofes to broach his priuate hatred. Then the

To the peruſer.

which I know not a greater iniury can be offered to a Satyriſt. I durſt preſume, knew they how guiltleſſe, and how free I were from prying into priuatnes, they would bluſh to thinke, how much they wrong themſelues in ſeeking to iniure me. Let this proteſtation ſatisfie our curious ſearchers. So may I obtayne my beſt hopes, as I am free from endeuoring to blaſt any priuate mans good name. If any one (forced with his owne guilt) will turne it home and ſay *Tu I*, I cannot hinder him. Neyther doe I iniure him. For other faults of Poeſie, I craue me pardon, in that I ſcorne all pennance the bittereſt cenſurer can impoſe vpon me. Thus (wiſhing each man to leaue enquiring who I am, and learne to know himſelfe,) I take a ſolemne congee of this fuſty world.

Theriomaſtix.